

a large sum of money to go to America with
 Henry Irving
 because I could not consent to play a part
 even worse than
 the one that I had played in " Robespierre."
 As things
 turned out, although "Dante " did fairly well
 at Drury
 Lane, the Americans would have none of it
 and Henry
 had to fall back upon his repertoire.

Having made the decision against " Dante,"
 I began to
 wonder what I should do. My partnership
 with Henry
 Irving was definitely broken, most inevitably
 and naturally
 " dissolved/* There were many roads open
 to me. I
 chose one which was, from a financial point of
 view, *mad*
ness.

Instead of going to America, and earning
 £2,000, I
 decided to take a theatre with my son, and
 produce plays
 in conjunction with him.

I had several plays in view—an English
 translation of
 a French play about the patient Griselda,
 and a comedy
 by Miss Clo Graves among them. Finally, I
 settled upon
 Ibsen's "Vikings."

We read it aloud on Christmas Day, and it
 seemed
tremendous. Not in my most wildly optimistic
 moments
 did I think Hiordis, the chief female character
 —a primitive,
 fighting, free, open-air person—suited
 to me, but
 I saw a way of playing her more *brilliantly* and
 less *weightily*
 than the text suggested, and anyhow I was
 not thinking
 so much of the play for nie as for my son.
 He had
 just produced Mr. Laurence Housman's
 Biblical play
 " Bethlehem " in the hall of the Imperial
 Institute, and
 every one had spoken highly of the beauty of
 his work. He

had previously applied the same principles to the mounting of operas by Handel and Purcell.

It had been a great grief to me when I lost my son as an actor, I have never known any one with so much natural

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A*A laTTff-rrff-llTtr l-tri-TlT"